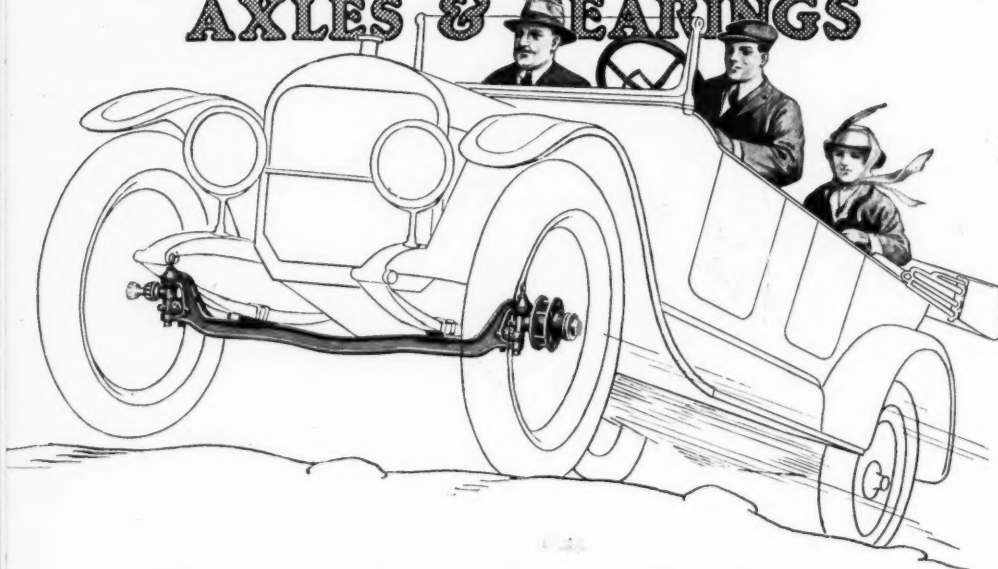




ROCKING THE BOAT

# TIMKEN

## AXLES & BEARINGS



## Over the Rough Spots

Thirty miles or more per hour. Suddenly, a hole in the road ahead. Too late to slow down. Bump! go the front wheels as you brace for the shock.

An instant more you are over the rough spot and spinning along smooth road.

### Your Front Axle Takes All the Shocks

All the time—at high speed or low—your safety and that of your family or friends depends on the sturdiness of the front axle. The I-beam, spindles, bearings, steering arm, cross-rod and knuckles *must* stand up to the weight and the shocks and vibration.

### Those Who Ride on Timkens Feel Safe

And well they may. For the men of the Timken-Detroit organization have been working together for years on just two problems that are really one.

(1) Determining with each car builder for each particular model of his car the

design of the one axle that will perfectly co-relate with all the other parts of the car and give the utmost in use-service-value to the car owner.

(2) Manufacturing that axle for that car from steels that are best, each for its special purpose. Heat-treating each piece to bring out its best. Machining and grinding to an accuracy that means long-est possible life of satisfactory service.

### Talk With the Man Who Rides on Timkens

How Timken men have succeeded in co-designing the right axle for the car and in making each axle in the most efficient way can best be judged by talking with owners of Timken-equipped cars and, best of all, with repair men who know the inside of all makes of cars.

Ask us for the "List of Cars," the "Axle Primer"—and the "Bearing Primer"—they'll tell you many interesting things about the motor car. Write Dep't. H-3, either Timken Company for these Three Timken Booklets. No salesman will call. They'll be mailed free, postpaid.



The Timken-Detroit Axle Co.  
Detroit, Michigan  
The Timken Roller Bearing Co.  
Canton, Ohio



### What Would It Be?

IT is often reiterated that capital is timid, and nobody denies it. Why is this? Is it because we have the capitalist system? "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" is an old adage, and under this system capital wears the crown.

Was it always thus, and will it always be thus? Were the feudal lords timid under the feudal system? Were the slave-owners timid when we had slavery? The Socialists declare that the next logical step after capitalism is socialism; that the working class is about to overthrow the capitalist class. Will labor be as timid then as capital is now? Or, if perchance the Socialists are wrong and we should choose the road that leads to anarchy, would those brave anarchists, now so aggressive and fearless, be thereby metamorphosed into hare-hearted tremblers? Does anybody know? Can anyone tell?

### The Certified Age

THE Chicago Morals Court has been doing a flourishing business in babies. This court supplies babies properly certified as to pedigree, etc., to those who make application.

But the Chicago Morals Court does not stop there. It insists also that the prospective guardians of the babies shall in each case be duly examined as to fitness. It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, according to this discriminating court.

From certified babies to certified parents may be only one link in the chain toward certified environment. This idea, if it spreads, would not only mean certified inhabitants on the one hand, but certified cities on the other. And why not?

Why should not cities which so profoundly affect those who are compelled to live in them display some such inscription as follows?

This city, having been duly examined, has been found to contain  
—% adulterated human products.  
It has —% corrupt politicians,  
—% bad hospitals, —% unsanitary jails, and its school system is  
—% below par.

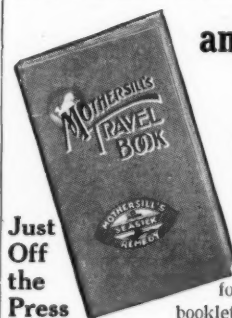
### A Run for His Money

"Do you think you will be able to keep me out of jail?" he asked after he had made a full confession to his lawyer.

"I may not be able to do that, but I can make the State spend a lot of money in putting you there."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Send for This Interesting and Instructive Book on TRAVEL



It Is Entirely FREE

Just Off the Press

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We expect a greater demand for this 40-page, illustrated booklet on travel than has ever been known for any other ever published for free distribution.

Mothersill's Travel Book tells you what to take on a journey and what not to take—how to pack and how to best care for your baggage and gives exact information as to checking facilities, weights, etc., in foreign countries—gives tables of money values—distances from New York—tells when, who and how much to "tip." In fact this booklet will be found invaluable to all who travel or are contemplating taking a trip in this country or abroad.

Published by the proprietors of the famous Mothersill's Seasick Remedy as a practical handbook for travelers.

This edition is limited, so we suggest that you send your name and address at once, and receive a copy. (A postal will bring it.) Please address our Detroit office for this booklet.

**MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO.**

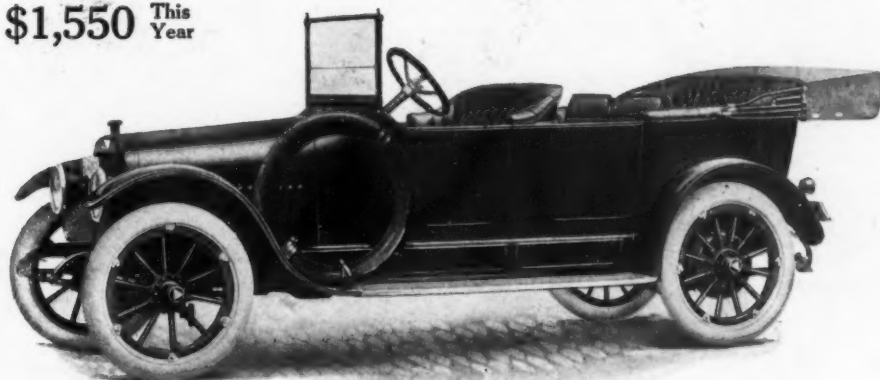
466 Henry Smith Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Also at 19 St. Bride Street, London, England.

Branches in Montreal, New York, Paris, Milan and Hamburg

# HUDSON Six-40 for 1915

\$1,550 This Year



## *New-Day Refinements*

The HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 is a very fine example of the latter-day car. It marks the fruition of countless hopes shared by owners and designers.

Its attractions make former cars seem crude and inartistic.

### No More Over-Tax

It marks the end of over-tax—in price, in weight, in upkeep and in operative cost. It meets the trend toward modest size and power.

It weighs 2,890 pounds. That with ample room for seven passengers and two extra tonneau seats. That's 1,000 pounds less than former averages.

Its new-type motor reduces operative cost about 30 per cent. Its lightness reduces tire cost.

In beauty and equipment, in comfort and convenience, it shows all the new refinements. It shows 31 of them—final touches—which were not in last year's model.

### The New-Day Price

And this exquisite car—this top-notch Six—sells for \$1,550. That's \$200 less than last year, due to our trebled output.

That price used to mean a low-grade car. Here it means the latest car built by Howard E. Coffin and his famous engineers. It means the finest HUDSON that was ever built.

Every line and detail shows the high-grade car. The lightness denotes the costliest materials and the ablest designing. This is the first of the quality cars to reach this new price standard.

Go see this car—you men who watch advances. HUDSON engineers—the ablest corps in this industry—have now spent four years on it. See what they have done.

Phaeton, seating up to seven, \$1,550, f. o. b. Detroit.

Standard Roadster same price.

Hudson dealers are everywhere. Catalog on request.

[165]

Hudson Motor Car Company, 8090 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.





THE BEAR: Look here! How long have we got to keep this up?

"Oh, until about one million or so more have obeyed that impulse and each one subscribed for three months."

*Another prize contest, of the usual absorbing interest, will be announced in an early number. In the meantime, while you are making up your mind whether to subscribe, send for a copy of Miniature Life. Mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.*



## Riparian Rights and Wrongs

THE Man from Mars found himself on a road which, as he looked ahead of him, seemed to lead down to the seashore. Long before he reached the water, however, he found the way obstructed by a redoubtable fence, which bore the legend: "Private; Keep Out." He stopped and was peering through the fence at the cool, inviting waters, when from behind one of the sand-dunes appeared a Young Fellow running, and after him a middle-aged man, sleek in appearance, who made threatening gestures as he ran. The Young Fellow gained the fence well in advance of his pursuer and scaled it hurriedly at the risk of his life, whereupon the older man stopped, gazed daggers after him for a moment, and then turned back.

"Isn't he the old curmudgeon, though?" exploded the Young Fellow in the direction of the Man from Mars.

"I really couldn't say," replied the Martian. "I'm a stranger in these parts. May I ask what the trouble is?"

"Oh, no trouble at all," replied the other, with breezy sarcasm, "except that the gentleman you saw chasing me has fenced off the ocean and will not allow anybody to have any benefit from it."

"Who is he? Is he some public custodian to whom the public, for rea-



DIARY September 30, 1913.

"We strolled along the main street, Tom and I, till we came to the inn—and there we argued our politics over some good OLD OVERHOLT RYE, until the subject was talked out."

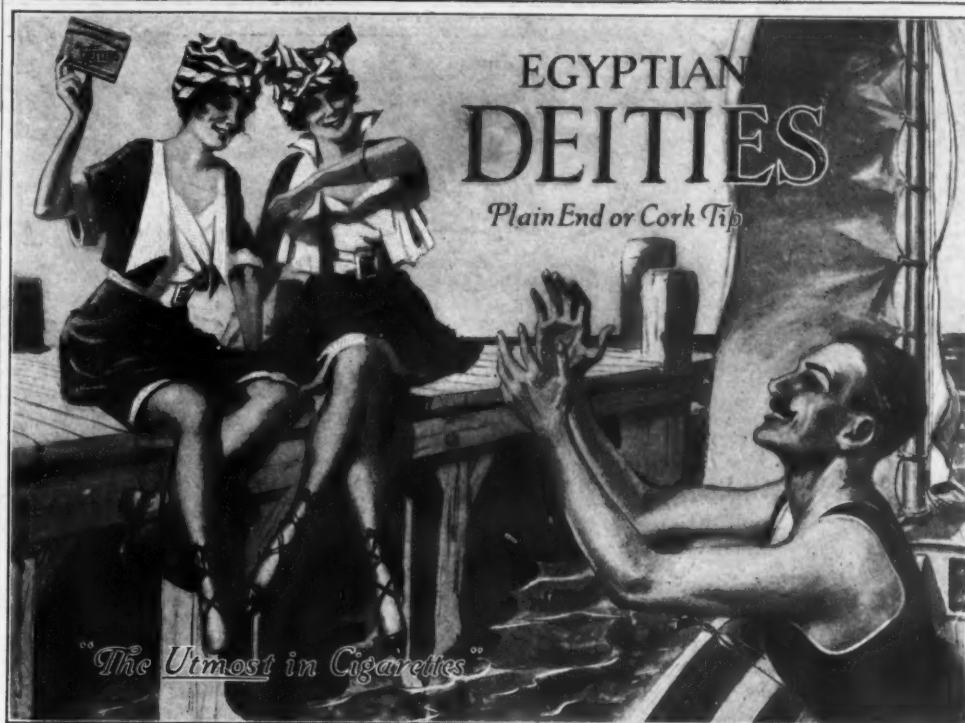
## Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

It's pure, mellow flavor and rare fragrance have helped to smooth over many an argument. A pledge of sincerity between friends.

Aged in charred oak barrels, distilled and bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.



sons of its own, has intrusted this vast body of water and the shores thereof?"

"Oh, no. He's just Mr. Amphibious Hogg, one of our leading fiscalizers."

"But why does he fence off the ocean?"

"Because he says it's his private property; that, according to what some Indian chief said in the Sixteenth Century or thereabouts, he has the right to fence in this shore and keep everybody else off."

"Very strange, very strange," mused the Man from Mars. "I certainly never heard of making the sea and the seashore private property. I should think that the public would have something to say about that. But even if it is his private property, why should he want to keep people out?"

"Don't ask me," said the Young Fellow.

"I can understand why fences should be built on land, such as for keeping live stock out of growing crops and so on, but I should think that air and water at least should be free to all. I never heard of anything else."

"Then you must be a stranger for a fact," declared the Young Fellow, looking at him narrowly. "You don't talk as if you belonged even to this grasping planet."

Ellis O. Jones.

HOTEL WAITER: Come, sir, you really must go off to bed, sir. (Yawns.) Why, the dawn's a-breaking, sir.

LATE REVELLER: Let it break—and put it down in the bill, waiter.—Punch.



Coon: I SEE YOUR WIFE HAS TAKEN TO SLEEPING IN A BED

Possum: YEAHA; HANGIN' AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER

## THE WAY TO REDUCE WEIGHT Eat and Grow Thin

is a book of advice, recipes and menus, in which all fat-making foods are avoided.

At any bookstore, \$1.00 net. Mailing weight, 14 oz.

E. P. DUTTON & CO.,  
Publishers, 651 Fifth Avenue, New York

# The New Studebaker Automobiles

Six-5-Passenger

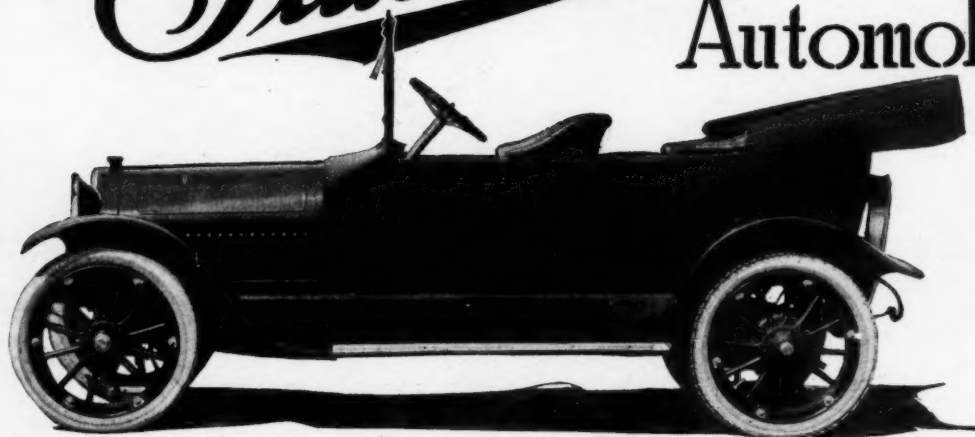
**\$1385**

In Canada \$1750

7-Passenger \$1450

In Canada \$1875

All Prices F. O. B.  
Detroit or Walkerville



## The New FOUR Touring Car and Roadster

The net result of the improvements itemized in the specifications printed herewith is:

More Power;  
Less Weight;  
Greater Strength;  
Increased Economy;  
More Room;  
Added Comfort;  
Greater Beauty.

### Specifications

Two Body Styles; Five-Passenger Touring; Three-Passenger Roadster.  
Wheelbase—108 inches.  
Long-Stroke (5-inch), Small-Bore (3½-inch) Motor; Four Cylinders, en Bloc, Exhaust Manifold Cast Separate.  
Smokeless, Non-Leaking Lubrication System.  
Larger Valve Openings.  
Pressed Steel Push-Rods.  
Annular Piston Rings.  
Tubular Radiator with Auxiliary Water Tank.  
Crowned Fenders.  
Special, Dimming Headlights.  
100 Pounds Lighter.  
12 x 2½ in. Brakes.  
Hot-Jacketed Schebler Carburetor Bolted to Cylinders.  
Magnetic, Non-Leaking Gasoline Gauge, the Only One Approved by Insurance Underwriters.  
Generous Footroom in both Compartments.  
33 x 4 in. Goodrich Tires on Q. D. Demountable Rims; Safety Tread on Rear.  
One-Man Type Top.  
Built-in Rain and Clear Vision Ventilating Windshield, Attaching Rigidly to Top.  
Full Floating Rear Axle, Shaft Locking into Taper at Hub.  
Full Equipment of 13 Timken Roller Bearings.  
Irreversible Steering.  
Flush Dash Equipment.  
Extra Rim and Carrier.  
24 Finishing Operations in Painting Bodies Studebaker Blue.  
The Simplest and Most Accessible Motor in America.

**T**HE new Studebaker cars are now being shown in more than five thousand cities, the world over—

In our judgment these new Studebakers place every other "Six" and every other "Four" on the defensive—

Studebaker cars are manufactured practically complete in Studebaker factories—more nearly so, we believe, than can be said of any other car. They carry only one profit—that of the legitimate manufacturer.

And it is this one-profit idea of manufacturing, together with the vast volume of the Studebaker output, that is responsible for the truly remarkable value that you find in Studebaker cars.

Verify these statements for yourself—by careful and immediate inspection of the new Studebaker models.

### Proof of Studebaker Value

Eighty companies in the United States sell automobiles. Only ten of them manufacture the majority of parts in their cars.

Of these, we believe Studebaker makes the greatest proportion of parts.

We make all our castings, springs and forgings.

We heat-treat our gears and forged parts.

We make our aprons, hoods, fenders and other stamped parts.

We make the bodies and tops.

Except tires, electrical equipment, Timken bearings, carburetors and a few minor items, we manufacture in our own factories—all parts of Studebaker cars. Being complete manufacturers, we are able to build better cars, and to put better value into our cars, at a stated price.

### STUDEBAKER, Detroit

Canadian Plant, Walkerville, Ont.

**FOUR Roadster**

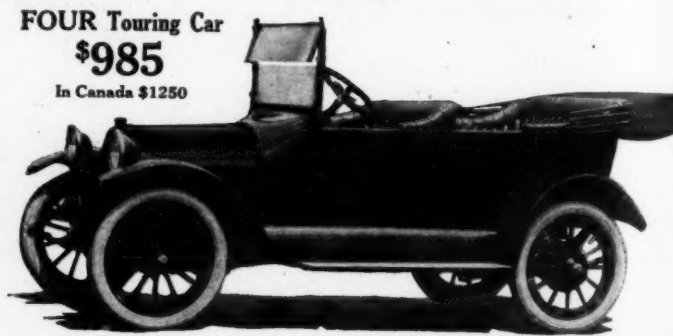
**\$985**

In Canada \$1250

**FOUR Touring Car**

**\$985**

In Canada \$1250



## The New SIX

5-Passenger and 7-Passenger

The elements of greater value listed in the specifications printed below result in:

150 pounds reduction in weight, with increased strength;  
Even greater gasoline economy;  
Increased tire economy;  
Increased ease of operation;  
More power;  
More room and added comfort.

### Specifications

Two Body Styles: Five-Passenger and Seven-Passenger Touring.

Wheelbase—121 inches.

Long-Stroke (5-inch), Small-Bore (3½-inch) Motor; Six Cylinders, en Bloc.

Smokeless, Non-Leaking Lubrication System.

Larger Valve Openings.

New, Exhaust-Silencing Muffler.

Annular Piston Rings.

Cellular Radiator.

Lighter Reciprocating Parts.

Crowned Fenders.

Lightened Clutch Operation.

150 Pounds Lighter.

15 x 2½ in. Brakes.

34 x 4 in. Goodrich Tires on Q. D. Demountable Rims; Safety Tread on Rear.

Roomier Front Compartment; Roomier Rear Compartment.

Continuous Aluminum Footboard.

One-Man Type Top.

Built-in Rain and Clear Vision Ventilating Windshield, Attaching Rigidly to Top.

Scientific Anti-Rumble Gasoline Tank in Cowl.

Magnetic, Non-Leaking Gasoline Gauge, the Only One Approved by Insurance Underwriters.

Full Floating Rear Axle, Shaft Locking into Taper at Hub.

Full Equipment of 13 Timken Roller Bearings.

Uniform Caps on all Four Hubs.

Irreversible Steering.

Removable Instrument Board.

Inter-Locking Ignition and Lighting Switches.

24 Finishing Operations in Painting Bodies Studebaker Blue.



PAPA, OFF FOR A REST!



THAT STERN LINE  
ROBINSON SUCCEEDS IN STARTING HIS ENGINE BEFORE A CRITICAL AUDIENCE



### Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1913, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-seven years. In that time it has expended \$145,183.64 and has given a fortnight in the country to 35,751 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged .....	\$4,927.28
Mrs. D. S. McElroy, Jr. ....	10.00
M. H. Zacharias. ....	5.00
Dick and John Speer. ....	10.00
In memory of little Junior. ....	5.00
Le Grand Cannon. ....	10.00
Madelaine, Russell and Jack. ....	15.00
George G. Shelton, M.D. ....	10.00
H. H. ....	5.00
In memory of Walter A. Wellington	15.00
"In memory of one faithful in every	
relation of life" .....	10.00
In memory of C. S. E. ....	50.00
A. E. Harrison. ....	5.00
Anonymous .....	5.00
R. P. L. Bartow. ....	6.00
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Stearns. ....	10.00
Proceeds of playlet, "The Tables	
Turned", conducted by Doris	
Bingham, Ruth Kolbe, Catherine	
Jansen, Emily Hotchkiss and	
Katherine Hotchkiss .....	2.00
"In memory of H. P. H." .....	15.00
Mrs. Alex. S. Porter, Jr. ....	10.00
Herbert and Irene Richardson. ....	10.00
Mrs. Ralph S. Hopkins. ....	15.00
Miss Peggy Kemp. ....	10.00
Miss B. C. Crowe. ....	6.00
Claire M. ....	2.00
Mr. Smith .....	5.00
Fredk. Gross .....	5.00
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>\$5,178.28</b>

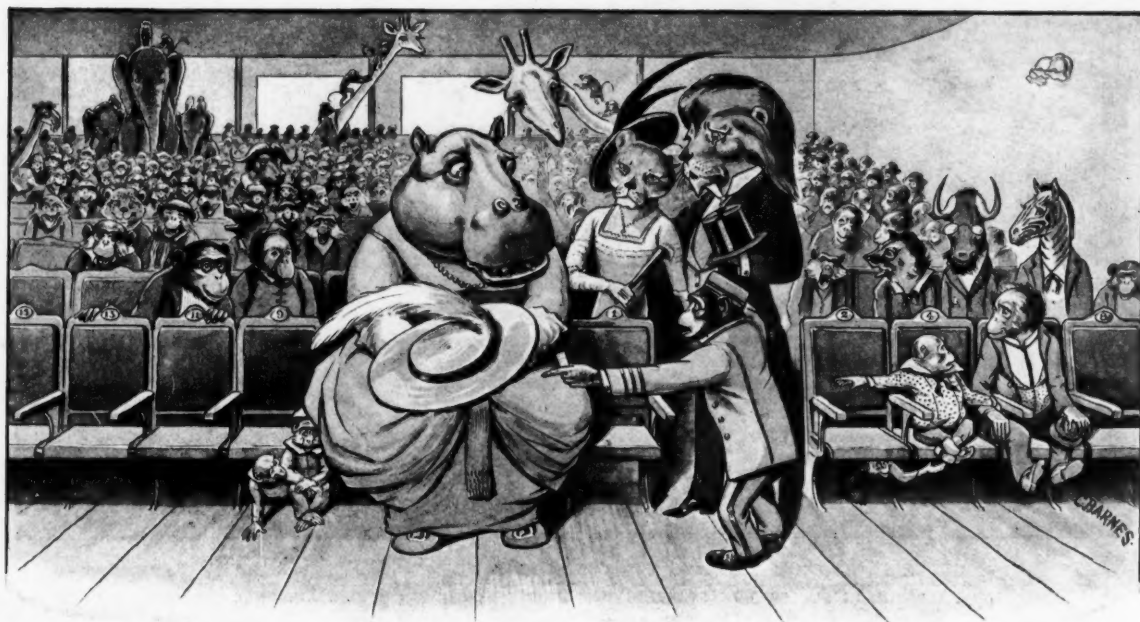


A LOVE SEEN

### Dig Again

THE Nippur tablet discovered in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania dates from thirteen hundred years before the time of Moses, and is reported to show a clean victory over the story of the Fall and the Flood as set forth in the Book of Genesis.

Which is all very well, but what readers seem to want at this time is not a revised edition of Fall and Flood, but a literary discovery that will put the ten commandments out of business. All the apostles of recall would welcome such a find, whether dug out at Nippur, Philadelphia or Chicago.



AT THE CONGO VAUDEVILLE

"MADAM, PLEASE MOVE UP ONE SEAT. YOUR CHECK IS FOR NUMBER FIVE"  
 "SIR, I AM SITTING IN NUMBER FIVE NOW"



"HOW THE WEEDS DO GROW!"

## White, Woolman and Tannenbaum

THE Rev. Bouck White and Milo Woolman, who got six months in the workhouse for making a disturbance in Mr. Rockefeller's Baptist church, will have to serve out their time unless somebody pardons them. Appeal for modification of their sentence has been denied.

Never mind; Bouck and Milo were out for advertisement, and are getting more newspaper space by these court proceedings. They will not mind the

workhouse if it helps their cause. Precisely what the cause is, is not very clear to the average mind, but everybody knows that it is unlawful to make disturbances in church.

It is not questioned that we know of that Bouck and Milo got a sentence in conformity with fact and law. In the case of Frank Tannenbaum, who got a year in the penitentiary and a fine of five hundred dollars for invading a Roman Catholic church with

a company of the unemployed, there seems to be doubt if the culprit had a fair trial and a just sentence. Appeals are out from the "International Workers' Defense Conference" for contributions to appeal Frank's case or pay his fine if the appeal is denied.

But sympathy for Frank Tannenbaum is one thing and payment to an organization of I. W. W.'s to advertise their movement is another. There are plenty of people who would be glad to contribute to relieve Frank Tannenbaum from his fine who would not wish in any way to abet the I. W. W.'s or increase their noises. "We shall also use our power," say the "Workers" in their circular, "to secure acquittal for those actually guilty of transgressing the law in the interest of the emancipation of the working class." That being their purpose, it seems one more suitable to be financed by I. W. W. partisans than by the general public which still believes that we prosper better under our laws, defective as they are, than we should under the I. W. W.

E. S. M.

## War Times in Mexico

SENTRY: Flag of truce, Excellency.

GENERAL: What do the revolutionists want now?

SENTRY: They would like to exchange a couple of generals for a case of cigarettes and a pack of cards.



"A COOL WAN HE IS, NOW—PUTTIN' UP THE SIGN BEFORE HE STARTED IN"



INBAD THE SAILOR

### Decline and Fall of a Best Seller

**FIRST PUBLISHER:** I'm afraid Pilkins is falling off in his style.

**SECOND PUBLISHER:** Why, isn't his last book good?

"Oh, yes, the book is all right, but the book reviews and advertising notices he has been doing for it are not his best."



*Dazed Chauffeur (who has landed on top of car):* SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO MY STEERING-GEAR!

### Tempting the Public

**I**DEAS sometimes come from clergymen, even when they live in Delaware. A reverend gentleman named Poole, who hails from Wilmington, suggests that hereafter clergymen practice writing for the magazines, in order that they may learn how to make their sermons interesting. The obvious thing to say to this is that the magazines are bad enough already. The real question is, however, whether they would be any worse if clergymen wrote for them, or whether the sermons would be any better if the clergymen adopted a magazine style.

In this case it would be in order for each clergyman, before he begins his sermon, to state:

"This is the best sermon of the month. It is full of human interest, and works up to an absorbing climax."

"My circulation in this church is increasing by leaps and bounds. Over a hundred more to-day. If you thought my last sermon was a corker, listen to this. I'm crazy about it."

### Kindliness

**O**NCE upon a time there was a Republic of Horses, and men were beasts of burden there.

Now, a certain kindly old horse never passed a man hitched by the way but he would stop and pat his nose. "Nice manny!" he would say, benignly.

It wasn't altogether certain that men liked that sort of thing, but at all events there could be no doubt as to the old horse's good intentions.



A LASTING IMPRESSION

*He:* MRS. FIDJETS'S DINNER WAS A GREAT SUCCESS, DON'T YOU THINK?

*She:* YES. WERE YOU THERE?  
"WHY, I TOOK YOU IN."





*Democratic Ass:* IT'S DEAD EASY TO WIN CUPS WITH A GOOD JOCKEY

### Excess

FOR some time now, aided in Congress by Lieutenant Hobson, the Prohibitionists have been besieging the House to adopt a Constitutional amendment which proposes national prohibition. It is probable that action will be deferred until another session.

In the meantime the Prohibitionists ought to take time to consider whether their proposed amendment is complete enough. Why stop at alcohol? It is notorious that a large number of people die every year from an intemperate and excessive indulgence in bad air. Why should there not be a Constitutional amendment prohibiting its use? It's a poor rule that doesn't work in every direction.

### The Darkey on Top

A CERTAIN professor, well known for his success in research work in classics, has a most assiduous attendant in a darkey janitor. One day, after the professor had turned over the piles of papers on his desk in vain

search for the key which he thought he had put there, he called for the darkey janitor and asked him if he had seen the key.

The darkey walked to the desk, and at once picked up the key from where it lay beside the desk blotter. The professor was a bit nonplussed, but laughed it off, and said: "Well, it is funny I didn't see that key!"

"Oh, don't worry 'bout dat, Professah," said the janitor. "You just natchally looks too mighty deep into things, sah. But me, sah, why, I just looks on the surface."

### A Unique Town

MADEIRA, OHIO, has achieved a unique distinction. It is apparently the only town in the United States which deliberately started out to have an insane Fourth, which was duly celebrated with wagon-loads of powder and firecrackers. Some towns prefer to distinguish themselves in other ways. Madeira's idea seems to be to extinguish itself.



## WEATHER FORECAST

The Outlook for To-day Is Clear. There Is No Disturbance of Importance within the Field of Observation

## Cats

"There are eight million cats in England."—*Joseph Davenport Whelpley, in "Trades of the World" (Century Company).*

MR. WHELPLEY says there are about half that number in Germany, and uses this fact as a comparison to show the difference in economic discernment between the two countries. Germany cannot afford to have as many cats as England, or rather Germany has discovered that any animal which does not work for the government is unnecessary, and therefore to be dispensed with. There was a time when the cat was extremely useful

as a "ratter", but it has seemed to us that cats are feeling the wave of modern luxury, and they no longer exert themselves as they did. Disposing of a rat is no easy matter and requires considerable patience and technique. Cats are unquestionably lazier than they were.

In this emergency we suggest to the British government that the job of eliminating cats in England be turned over to the militant suffragettes. It might become an occupation which would so satisfy their hysterical and lawless impulses as to take the place of destroying public buildings, throwing brickbats at statesmen, and cutting up expensive canvases.



## WEATHER FORECAST

Fair, with Slight Temperature Changes

**Cigarettes and the Era of Machines**  
**P**EOPLE who worry about cigarettes are invited to contemplate them as a natural development of the era of mechanics, in which deliberation is at a discount, rapidity of process at a premium, and stimulation more valued than nourishment.

We seem to drink as much as ever, but there is much less drunkenness. More people must drink in smaller doses. A cigarette is a small dose of tobacco, quickly taken and soon over; something that can be disposed of

while a machine is waiting. It is a pretty poor smoke, but it is mild and it is convenient, and that, probably, is the secret of its vogue.

And yet it is noticeable that the movement for the suffrage and increased independence of women is, take it by and large, a movement away from religion, and one that inclines to confer tobacco on women and deprive men of rum. The sisters seem to want to throw down the ladders they climbed by. The drunker and more self-indulgent men are, the more

inevitable it is that women will rule them, yet the suffrage movement leans against saloons. Religious women will usually govern irreligious men, but the more religious women are seldom suffragists.

It is queer, isn't it? Just such peculiarities run through all the suffrage movement. It is a maze of contradictions. Everything that the suffragists want to do to upset the domination of men seems adopted in the long run to reinstate that domination, such as it is.



### A Plea for Clemency

IT is to be hoped that nobody will go so far as to make the F. W. W. disgorge. That would be going too far. If it is necessary for the peace of mind of a restive populace to investigate them and expose them and upbraid them and indict them and dissolve them and regulate them, all very well. True, such operations are not pleasant. But these Financial Workers of the World are big and strong and heroic. There is one thing, however, from which they wisely shrink, and that is restitution. To subject them to that would be altogether heartless, a punishment of the cruel and unusual kind prohibited by the Constitution.

### Our Way

NEW YORK STATE has but one-tenth of the population of the country, but it owes one-fourth of the total State debt. This is but one of the many indications of New York's illimitable resources. It means that we are able to support more financiers per capita than dozens of other States combined. If New York were poorer we would pay as we go and save these large annual interest payments. But we don't have to, and it is so much more pleasant to be lavish and to put off the evil day of reckoning as long as possible.



TIMES MAY CHANGE

"MARY, DID YOU MAIL THAT LETTER I GAVE YOU THIS MORNING?"



"MOTHER, DOES THE CONDUCTOR KEEP ALL THE MONEY OR DOES HE GIVE SOME TO THE MOTORMAN?"

### Law Is Funny

HEADLINES in a New York daily tell us:

SHE KEEPS \$70,000

STOLEN BY HUSBAND

WIDOW OF SLAIN ROBBER REFUSES TO PART WITH LOOT AND OFFICIALS ARE POWERLESS

Why should she part with it?

Certain highly respectable railroad gentlemen of this city are also refusing to part with their loot. If justice is a joke in one case, why not in the other?

### Justifiable Homicide?

At a meeting of the Patchogue, L. I., Town Board of Trustees yesterday, Justice of the Peace E. W. Lane, of Manorville, said:

"I would shoot any man who tried to vaccinate my children against their will or mine."—*The Open Door*.

AND any jury of parents would go easy with him.

IN these days it is a wise father who does not dread to know his own son.

### A Modern Parable

**B**USINESS was strolling through the park when he became aware that he was being followed. He turned back, and when he came close to the follower he perceived that it was Legislation.

"Why do you keep following me all the time?" demanded Business angrily.

"I am a detective. Detectives are very popular nowadays, you know. A few detectives now and then are hired by the best of men."

"Bosh! I want none of your cheap wit. This is a serious matter. I want to be let alone. I am Business, and it is exceedingly annoying to be disturbed."

"Yes, I know who you are, all right enough, and I am very, very sorry, my dear Business," continued Legislation, "but I do not consider it safe to let you alone. You haven't given a very good account of yourself in



GOING UP

the past few years. You need a chaperon."

"Oh, ho! So that's it! Well, a likely chaperon you'd make, I must say," retorted Business angrily. "Goodness knows I never set myself up as a paragon of virtue, but I fail to see how I can be improved by being put in your charge."

"I represent the whole people," responded Legislation gravely, "while you represent just part of the people. I haven't the same incentive to be corrupt."

"Come now. Don't be silly," urged Business. "You weren't always so

holy. You used to be a mighty good fellow, willing to do most anything for a consideration."

"I was about to remind you that I had done you many a good turn in the past," replied Legislation.

"Of course you have, but why this sudden change?"

"The people are getting onto us. We must turn over a new leaf."

"Speak for yourself, please. I'll not turn over any new leaf."

"Oh, yes, you will, and you might as well do it sooner as later. The sooner it's done the sooner it will be over, the more quickly you will adjust

yourself to the new spirit and the happier you will be."

"Upon my word, how ridiculous!" expostulated Business. "It looks as if you were trying to destroy me altogether."

"On the contrary, my dear fellow, I have your best interest at heart now as always. I want to make you bigger and stronger and more efficient than ever before."

Business made no reply to this, but turned angrily on his heel and started off at a swift pace with Legislation close behind.

Ellis O. Jones.

### The Great Exception

**A** SKILFUL artificer who had eaten crusts for years and needed a change of diet asked for a larger helping of the good things on his employer's table.

"No," his patron replied. "Genius must be humble. Heaven has endowed you with wonderful talent, it is true, but

you have done nothing to acquire that talent. It was given to you in trust for humanity, and you are under sacred obligation to exert it for the benefit to your fellow men, not for your own aggrandizement."

Sadly the artificer returned to his bench.

"The theory that the product of genius belongs to the race and not to the individual is a beautiful one," he thought. "I wish it applied to the genius for accumulating money."

**Y**OU cannot tango in the straight and narrow path.



*Miss Hartbeest (in the background):* THERE HE GOES NOW WITH THOSE TWO GNU GIRLS. BY THE WAY, WHICH ONE IS HE ENGAGED TO?

*Mr. Zebra:* THE PRETTY ONE.



HOW AN IMAGINATIVE PERSON FEELS WHEN WEARING  
A NEW PAIR OF LIGHT TANS FOR THE FIRST TIME

### Who's the Next?

NOW that Colorado has been quieted by outside force, we have space in the news columns for a good, big sensational running account of how a State government has broken down and been compelled to resort to martial law in a sickly attempt to make up for the lack of a vital constitution and statutes and a fairly modern sense of social justice. There is no doubt, of course, that another State will step into this limelight in due season, but which will it be? Which will follow next in the glorious footsteps of West Virginia, Michigan and Colorado? Our only hope is that the remaining States will talk the matter over and arrange to come along one at a time instead of two or more at a time, thus overtaxing the capacities of our newspapers. In this way we can easily spend fifty or sixty years more in showing how savage a civilized people can be and in proving the utter futility of martial law in settling labor disputes.



## An Offender

HOUSE BILL No. 41144 having been introduced into Congress, it was discovered by some of the members of that August, September and possibly October body that certain phrases in it might be understood by an average person who read them over ten or eleven times in succession, with the aid of Blackstone's Commentaries and Murray's English Dictionary. The man who drafted the bill was therefore sent for by the House-Committee-of-Inquiry-into-the-Necessity-for-Keeping-Things-Dark. The chairman of this committee looked at the offender sternly.

"You, sir, are the author of bill No. 41144?"

"I am."

"I understand there are gleams of human intelligence in the wording of this bill."

"I had a great pressure of other matter, Mr. Chairman, and if in drafting that bill I inadvertently worded any part of it so that there was even the possibility of its being understood, I can only plead extenuating circumstances."

"What is the object of the bill?"

"Are we alone?"

"Oh, yes. Nobody is here from the outside world but a reporter for the Hearst papers, and nobody believes what he writes."



THE PRACTICE HOUR



*Intended Suicide:* WHIST! OI'VE  
CHANGED ME MOIND!

"Well, the object of the bill is to get votes."

"Very well. Now you go over the wording of the bill and rewrite those parts which appear to have gleams of intelligence in them, and put them in such acceptable and usual legal language that nobody can possibly understand what they mean, and that therefore any future court can construe them in as many ways as it likes, and nobody will be the wiser."

"I will."

"Then we will let you off this time, this being your first offense. But do not forget, sir, that the test of every bill introduced into this Congress must be that it is entirely unintelligible to any person familiar with the ordinary use of the English language."

"THERE isn't an original thing about Pottsviller."

"What is he surrounded by?"

"Manuscripts. He's the editor of a modern magazine."



AUGUST 13, 1914

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 64  
No. 1659

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IS it that armament is a trap and Europe is caught in it?

What is the inwardness of these proceedings which now, at this writing, have for ten days been going day by day from bad to worse, and read so entirely unlike real life and so much like a forecast-story by H. G. Wells?

Is it all happening—has it all happened—logically, because the causes and the means were there and the clock had struck? Or is it Germany's put-up job again, like the war of 1870?

The extraordinary mix-up of it! A Slav-and-Teuton row in Austria, that within ten days brings every gun in Europe out of its rack, fills France and Germany with weeping women, sends German ships scurrying to port or holds them there, and closes every stock exchange in the world! The mere wash of this disturbance, look what it does to us! Our stock exchanges closed for the first time since 1873, our values disordered, our blessed tourists by the thousand running hither and yon in Europe, their credits useless and no ships to bring them home! It is like being caught in a vast flood, an overwhelming torrent of hate and sudden death from Europe's broken dam. We clutch at the newspapers falling from their presses in continuous showers like autumn leaves from storm-shaken trees. We can do little at the moment for our own caught in that huge welter of civilization running amuck, and nothing yet for all those other innocent victims of—what? Victims of what? What has done it? With whom is the final reckoning to be made?

It seems a war not brought on by peoples, but by three aristocratic governments; by the tottering Hapsburgs and their allied interests in Austria, by those governors of Russia that direct the irresponsible absolutism of which the Czar is the figurehead, and by William the Prussian and the Germany he stands for. It is no war of France, no war of England. Italy as yet holds off from it. It seems to spell Austria's desperation, Russia's resistance, and Germany's opportunity.

Well, it is the hundredth year from Waterloo, and we shall see what we shall see; signs and wonders, who can doubt, and an upshot far beyond calculation.



OUT of all the sudden din of rumor, prediction and mobilization which has proceeded from Europe, it has seemed apparent that no great power over there wanted to fight except Austria, and she only about enough to chastise the Servians and save herself from impending disruption. Between no other countries was there immediate bitterness of spirit. The rest were prepared, but anxious and reluctant.

So, arguing from reasons, it seemed as if our brethren must manage to localize the war. For England, France and Russia to fight Austria, Italy and Germany because the Austrian Serbs are unruly and the Archduke Ferdi-

nand was assassinated seemed too preposterous to happen. It is incredible that it should happen. But wars spring out of conditions far deeper than the immediate causes. Germany is a great and ambitious military power with importunate desires and an enormously expensive army. The condition of Europe, sweating under an enormous armament, the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente watching one another with weapons ready, was a condition of long-standing strain and very unstable balance. Somehow, sometime, Europe has got to have relief from such expenditures for armament as she has been carrying; somehow, it would seem, there must come to be, virtually if not nominally, the United States of Europe, with a central authority strong enough to keep order in the whole European family.

As it is, with the Alliance and the Entente, Europe was organized for a huge civil war. Must that come, and vast destruction with it, before the members of the European family can reach a larger understanding and submit to the regulation of the family council? Our States split, fought and joined again; but, slavery gone, there was comparatively little to hinder their reunion. There is vastly more to keep the nations of Europe apart—repulsions of race and traditional hatreds without number, and the family interests of rulers, titular and actual. Still, half a loaf is better than no bread, and a modified and regulated independence may seem preferable to destruction.



ESPECIALLY it may seem so after a great war. To fight, to suffer, if need be to die for something dearer than life and worth more, is one form of human satisfaction and the quarrel with it has no very tenable grounds. But to fight and suffer and die merely that the processes of civilization may hunch along by another jolt is pretty tedious, and the doubt if civilization is advanced by vast, wholesale wars makes it more so. The end of all wars is peace on a better basis, and the



"MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN MAKES COUNTLESS THOUSANDS MOURN"

clearing away of obstacles to the development of the peoples whose development shows the most promise.

The last big war in Europe gave Germany an Emperor and France a President. The next may give Germany a President, and to Russia commission government, and to Austria heaven knows what, for tradition, when the smoke clears away, may be found among the dead on the field. Nobody can guess what will come in the wake of such a war as now seems under way; nobody can say whether there will be a crowned head left in Europe. All anybody can safely assert is that a vast treasure will be consumed, and that tens of thousands of the best lives in Europe will go out.



THIS enormous topic puts all ordinary topics deep in the shade. Watching Europe is the ruling occupation in these States at this writing, and

it is a pretty lively job, especially for thousands of people who have friends traveling abroad, and who want mightily to know what is happening to them and how they are to get home.

Our government is taking thought actively about them, of course, but war is not polite, and does not always wait for non-combatants to get out of the way. Our friends in England we think of as safe. About our friends in France we shall think with more anxiety until we hear further.

There is a great food problem coming, and great money problems. So far the chief function of these States in relation to the threatened suicide of Europe has been to assist the intending decedent, in turning his effects into cash. But if the threat is to be carried out there will be fiscal transactions to conduct that will call for the highest available skill, and that has stirred again the demand for Mr. Warburg on the Federal Reserve Board and the prompt completion of that board so that it may proceed to business. No doubt Senator Bristow, of Kansas, will oppose confirmation of

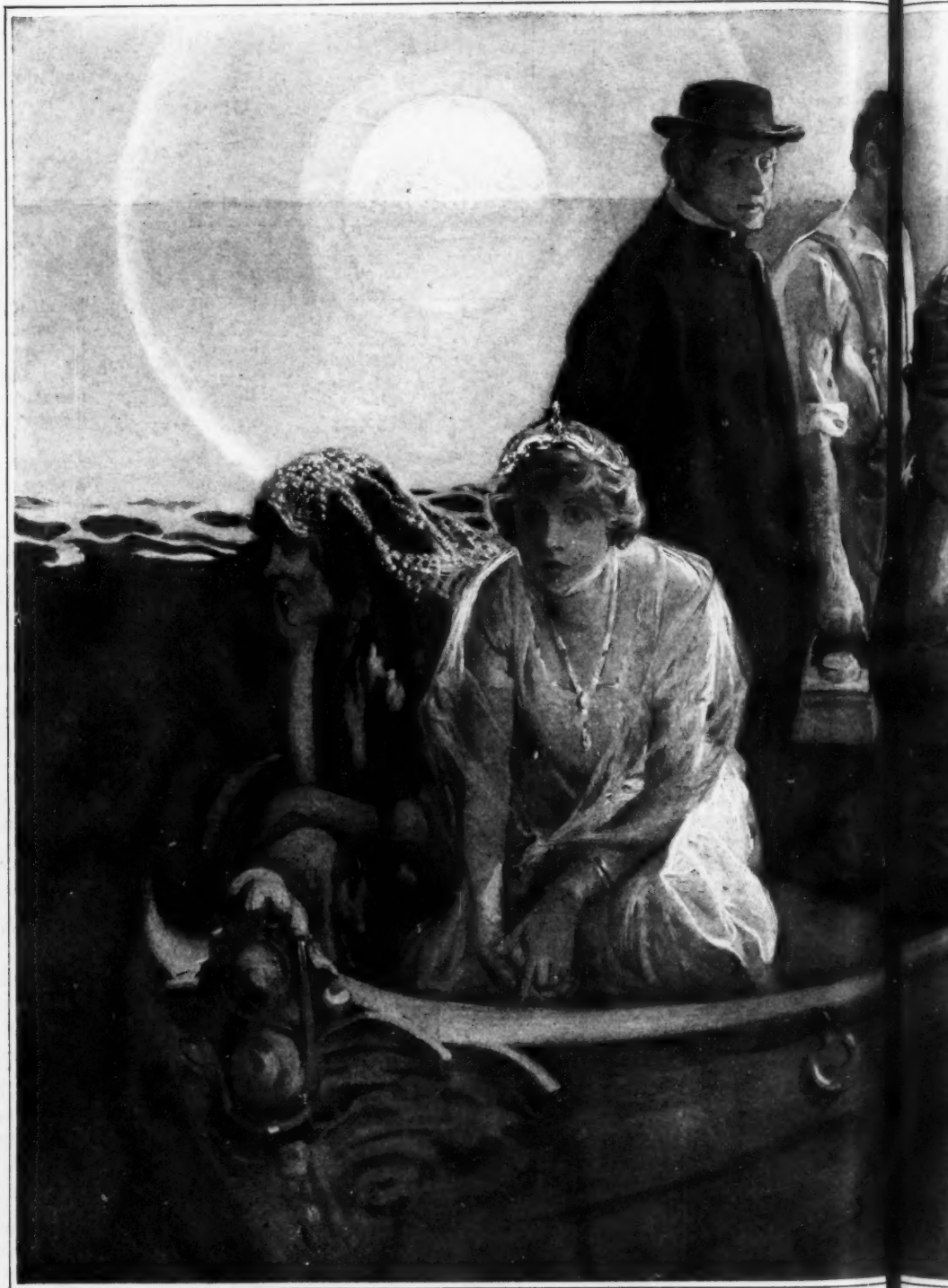
Mr. Warburg to the end, but there is a Democratic majority in the Senate, and why Senator Bristow should have his way does not appear.



IF all Europe is to be one tremendous moving picture of war it will be hard for us to keep our minds sufficiently on things at home to do our necessary business here. There is a Governor to be selected in New York, and Colonel Roosevelt is going to make speeches, but who will listen with Armageddon going on over there? Who will keep an eye on Villa, who seems to need close attention? The crops will be got in, because that is something that has to be done, and Europe will need bread; but who will read the finally perfected anti-trust bill, and how will the papers find space to print it? The decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission so anxiously awaited is in, and gives the railroads some relief, but there is no Stock Exchange to give judgment on it. School is keeping in Europe for all mankind while these terrific possibilities impend. We are prone to forget what sort men are; prone to think they have become different; have risen above the possibilities of such behaviors as they once committed. But who, besides Mr. Bryan, and perhaps Mr. Carnegie, can think yet of civilization without wars? Men fight more politely than they used to, and are less cruel in retaliation and revenge, but there is as much fight in them as ever, and when the preventives of war and the sacrifices to avert war and preparations for war have finally got too irksome to be endured, at it they go, hammer and tongs, and the best men win, presumably. At any rate, results come in that way that do not come otherwise.

If Europe must have an enormous revolutionary convulsion preceding some new arrangement of her institutions and the relations of men, she will have it, and have it to a finish, and we who will look on must learn what we can and help as we may.





“All in same l



“All in same boat”

# Letters of a Japanese School-boy

Scientific Efficiency

To Editor "Life Paper" who can manufacture laughter without wasting jokes,

DEAR SIR:—

Quite recently of yore I were employed for price 1\$ & ½ daily payment at Oyama & Osaka, Japanese Groceries, where I did so. I worked the most serious of my muscles in cellar of that Food Co where I spent considerable pained hours enrolling barrels flour into wagons which was very uphill.

While engaging myself to this task of toil long come one young American gentleman with enlarged ears and college expression resembling Hon. Bridegroom Sayre. I continue to enroll barrels flour by considerable tired kicks.

"Stop it!" he report with boss voice. I do so because I could not think why. "Togo," he say so, "I have been making statistics on your uselessness. I find very alarmed intelligence from this. In enrolling one barrel flour from cellar 46 feet to uphill sidewalk, you makes 92 6/3 useless motions."

That gentleman set down and light cigarettes.

"You work too hard," he join on, folding his manicured feet.

"I am agreeable to that wisdom," I snuggest taking set-down next by him. "Loan me a cigarette smoke and I shall stop all industry."

"Working classes is not sipped to funigate their brains with tobacco," he snib. "Let me tell you furthermore about your old-fashioned muscles. Kindly to please enroll another barrel to wagon while I criticize."

I do so with perspired elbows.

"In kicking that barrel you employ too many fingers," he say it. "Both your thumbs should be at rest. You need not stick your tongue lopsided. You merely need use six vertebrates of your spine, one leg & 3 toes. You can knock barrel 46 feet by 2 kicks instead of eighteen. Thusly you waste 16 kicks which you might keep to yourself."

"Sipposingly you enroll this barrel



"Togo—you work too hard"

to sidewalk and show me how do, if you are such a professor of toil," I reprieve with Emma Goldman eyebrows.

"Oh, not to do!" he argue. "I am not payed 22\$ daily to move actual barrels. All my muscles is in my brain. I am an Efficiency Expert."

"What are an Efficiency Expert?" I ask to know.

"One who tells laboring workers how to do twice as much for the same pay." This from him.

"I am less pleased to meet you," I encroach peevly. "If you could set near me and tell how make twice pay for same work I should be more joyful to hear your language."

He could not assimilate the words I said it, so he depart off for tell some carpenters how they can nail two boxes with one hammer.

At night time while I was teaching Cousin Nogi how play Mexican tunes on a Japanese banjo, I tell him about

that Efficient Gentleman and speak scorn while doing so.

"You should not be peev to think about him," Nogi say so. "He are the New Freedom in labor circles. U. S. Government are now employing Efficiency Experts in all departments so that everything will be done more frequently. In P. O. Dept Hon. Burleson makes post-office stamp letters without wasting motions. In Treasury Dept Hon. Mc Adoo compels minters to make more money and less fuss. And so forthly. Thusly all laborers working for Government shall do considerable for their pay without throwing away valuable motions."

"Are Efficiency Expert hired to watch Congress, maybe?" I snuggest.

"I have not read of his name arriving in Washington News," Nogi abstract.

"As usually!" I dib. "Everybody is worrying about plumbers, postmen, poets and paperhangers doing too less, but politicians can continue onwards burning words, time and money with nobody to scold them."

"They are employed for that purpose," Nogi say it.

"Perhapsly," I otter. "But think what could be if Hon. Efficiency Expert were efficient! He would stand in Washington with pad-paper and make pencil statistics on what is wasted. After 6½ months continual thinking he would send in following report to Hon. Woodrow:

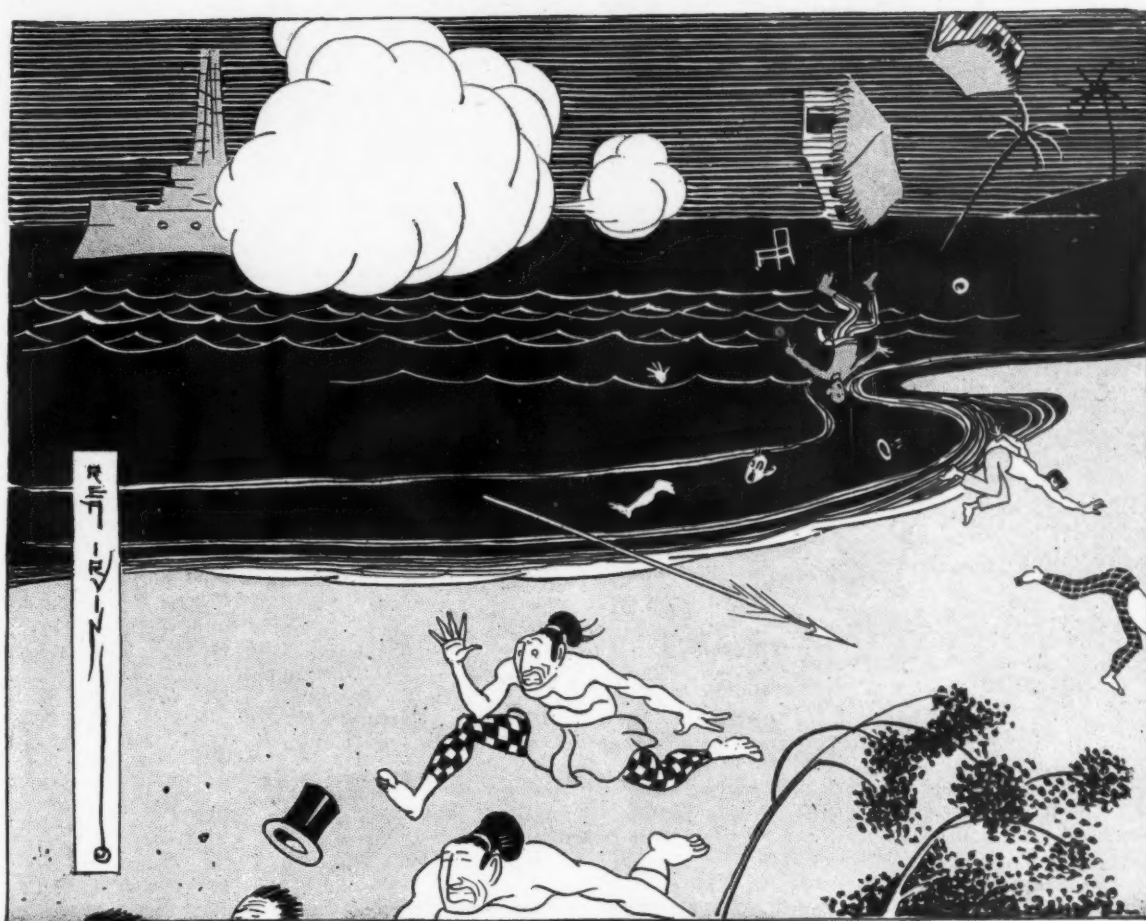
## REPORT OF WASTED MOTIONS IN CONGRESS

"During month January 11, 222,468 words were wasted on Currency Bill alone. 2,000,000 of those words was thrown away rebuking Hon. Pierpont Morgan for belonging to trusts from which he could be coaxed to resign in 6 words.

"87,000,000 words was burned up telling Hon. Woodrow what to do with Mexico when that war have already been settled in State Dept.

"Hon. Champ Clark have squan-





"How to depopulate the Moros without wasting school-books"

dered 462 lbs useless pressure knocking gavel in hopes to make Cong Hobson set down.

'666,452,893,001 words was smoked up in Anti-Trust speeches which could be saved by passing a bill or permitting American Tobacco Co to own America without complaint.'

Cousin Nogi stand gast for this wisdom I project.

"Efficiency Expert could accomplish considerable in more places yet," I acknowledge. "He might teach Philippine Governors how to depopulate the Moros without wasting too many school-books. He might show New York, New Haven & Heartless Rail-

road how to destroy itself in one wreck instead of a thousand. He might—"

"Could he have showed Hon. Col Goethals how build Panama Canal more quicker & cheaper?" require Nogi.

"Gentleman what could tell that would not be Efficiency Expert," I collapse.

"What is he?" Nogi negotiate.

I make no intellectual reply because I could not find sufficient contempt to describe a mere goat talking to a steam shovel.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO.  
(Per Wallace Irwin.)



THE NEW TOY

## The Latest Books

THERE is a clever woman—a specialist on the social geology of Cook County, Illinois—who contributes to one of the Chicago papers, over the signature of "Madame X", occasional articles on local society history, ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Madame X's omniscience is fallible but fascinating. She is an expert at tempering the tact of the dove with the *savoir-faire* of the serpent. She is neither a garnerer of gossip nor a digger-up of dry-as-dust, but a sort of sublimated avatar of the Oldest Inhabitant. And one cannot but hope that she will take an early opportunity to read Theodore Dreiser's "The Titan" (Lane, \$1.40) and will thereafter translate for us, into plain Chicago history, the hieroglyphic identities of its many characters.

"The Titan" contains the second half of the life story of Frank Algernon Cowperwood, begun in "The Financier"; and together these novels offer us what is undoubtedly, in several important respects, the nearest approximation yet arrived at to that figment of our fictional dreams, the Great American Novel—the novel, that is to say, which is some day to imprison between its covers the soul-symbol and essential spirit of America. The spirit of America is indeed the theme of Mr. Dreiser's two novels here considered—the spirit of the America of the Nineteenth Century, incarnated in one of its sons. And when we look back upon the dual work it is not Cowperwood himself, nor the mass of secondary characters clustered round him, nor even the ruthless unromanticism of the author's philosophy of human motives, that stands out clearest and most significant in the retrospect of our realization; it is a spiritual synthesis that we see; the soul of America—seeking.

But Mr. Dreiser—whether because he originally derived his inspiration from the life of the man upon whose history he bases his stories and disdains to disguise the fact, or because, having found in this man a protagonist suited to the interpretative drama he had in mind, he thought that the "realism" of casting him for the hero would minister to the effect—Mr. Dreiser has so closely paralleled the life of Charles T. Yerkes, of Philadelphia, Chicago and New York renown, in the writing of "The Financier" and "The Titan" as to make these books as much fictionalized biographies as biographical fictions. In short, they

are hybrids—half jam and half jelly, with bits of the untransmuted fruit of a "true story" scattered through the clear abstraction of a fine fiction. And being human, we are constantly inclined to turn aside from the fineness of the result to question the identity of the means; are plagued by a provincial curiosity and ridden by an obsession of "wanting to know". It is therefore as a psycho-therapist that we need the services of Madame X. Practical psychologists and the system of therapeutics based on psycho-analysis have fully demonstrated that hysterics, phobias and mental obsessions of various kinds automatically disappear once the patient is enabled to explain them to himself. Once "The Titan" ceases to be a puzzle of Who's Who, it cannot but stand out as a striking portrait of a phase of American evolution.

"THE CONQUEST OF THE TROPICS" (Doubleday, Page; \$2.00), by Frederick Upham Adams, is the first volume of a projected series dealing with "The Romance of Big Business", and takes as its imagination-moving subject the banana and sugar producing enterprises developed, amalgamated and brought to a romantically practical perfection by the many-faceted initiative and the far-sighted daring of the United Fruit Company. There are two drawbacks to the enjoyment of the work, which, nevertheless, treats of so intrinsically interesting a subject that it induces us to bear with them both. The first is

a matter of make-up, and derives from the fact that the publishers have solved the problem of the effective printing of many illustrations by the execrable American device of using a shiny paper with the specific gravity of sheet lead, thus making it a physical strain as well as a mental exercise to read the book and forcing us to exert something like one thousand foot-pounds of power in the mere turning of the leaves of a three-hundred-and-sixty-eight-page volume weighing two and one-half pounds avoirdupois. The second drawback is more subtle, and derives from the fact that Mr. Adams is quite manifestly writing, not a book, but a brief. He has apparently been commissioned to prove that the United Fruit Company is not a monopoly. And while he proves it to the hilt in the *ex-parte* statement of his story, the question is so constantly obtruded, and the arguments so unseasonably reiterated, that at last the most unsuspecting reader is moved to remember the French proverb that "*Qui s'accuse s'accuse*". J. B. Kerfoot.

## Confidential Book Guide

*The Art of Spiritual Harmony*, by Wassily Kandinsky. The leading treatise on post-impressionism.

*Burbury Stoke*, by William John Hopkins. A story of the New England seashore by the author of "The Clammer".

*Dodo's Daughter*, by E. F. Benson. A somewhat dilute sequel to the effervescence of "Dodo".

*Dreams*, by Henri Bergson. A charac-



THE WOLF AT THE DOOR



SHE THREW HIM OVER

teristically crystalline psychological speculation.

*Florian Mayr*, by Ernst von Wolzogen. A popular German novel of musical life, with Liszt as the chief character.

*Forty Years of It*, by Brand Whitlock. The interesting autobiography of a disillusioned yet optimistic reformer.

*Joseph Pulitzer*, by Alleyne Ireland. A striking and quite exceptional word-portrait.

*Love and the Soul-Maker*, by Mary Austin. An honest discussion that adds to the obscurity of a dark subject.

*Penrod*, by Booth Tarkington. Amusing chapters from the activities of an Indiana boy.

*The Precipice*, by Elia W. Peatie. The tale of a "new girl" who was put to the test. A first novel of decided charm.

*The Marryers*, by Irving Batcheller. A sugar-coated satire on fool Americans abroad.

*The Price of Love*, by Arnold Bennett. Some excellent character study embedded in a Five Town romance.

*Quick Action*, by Robert W. Chambers. "Rapid" romances.

*The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists*, by Robert Tressall. The shame of labor. A tale of searing simplicity by an English workman.

*What Will People Say?* by Rupert Hughes. The latest portrait of little old New York. A clever novel and a speaking likeness.

## To Robert Herrick, Esq.

Professor and Writer, of Chicago

**RESPECTED SIR:** I have discovered and read a piece of yours in the *Chicago Tribune* of July 7th, in which, after submitting some views of the New York mind as discovered from Chicago, you remark to the extent of about a column upon the views suggested in my short but learned work on "The Unrest of Women". Will you please ask the printer to put back the cipher which he dropped when he made you contract the book to "less than fifteen very small pages". The pages number one hundred and forty-six. The publisher is still trying to sell this book, and it increases his troubles to have your printer cut its size down to "less than fifteen very small pages".

Otherwise it is an advantage and a source of pride to me that a gentleman of your accomplishments and dis-

tinction should have read my modest treatise. I would have read what you said about it with interest, and doubtless with profit, if you had said anything. But I cannot find that you did. All I find is little bites of what I said, which you have chewed a little and spat out, with brief suggestions that they tasted bad.

Now, you are under fifty still, and cannot be expected to be a sage; but you must know a good deal. I notice you are a professor in Chicago University, and derive, I presume, a salary, and I hope a large one, from that institution, which you could hardly do without knowing something, except by being so clever in concealment that it would amount to a kind of knowledge. But I find no evidence in your piece in the *Tribune* about my book that you have been properly instructed





*Mother:* BERTIE, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A BANKER, LIKE UNCLE JOSEPH, WHEN YOU GROW UP?  
 "COULDN'T I BE A BANKER WITHOUT BEIN' LIKE UNCLE JOSEPH?"

about the woman question. If you had, you would realize, and perhaps admit, that you agree with at least four-fifths of what I said, for any experienced person fifty years old who cannot get four-fifths right in which he has to say about women ought to be stood on his head in the corner and deprived of ink.

**Y**OU don't seem to have been successfully instructed about religion, either, Mr. Herrick, as I judge from the expression of mouth with which you spat out what I said about that. You can't get much of a hold on the woman question unless you have some comprehension of religion, because there is a lot of religion in the world in these days, and the women have got their share of it, and perhaps more, and it is a great influence in shaping their deportment and directing their intentions.

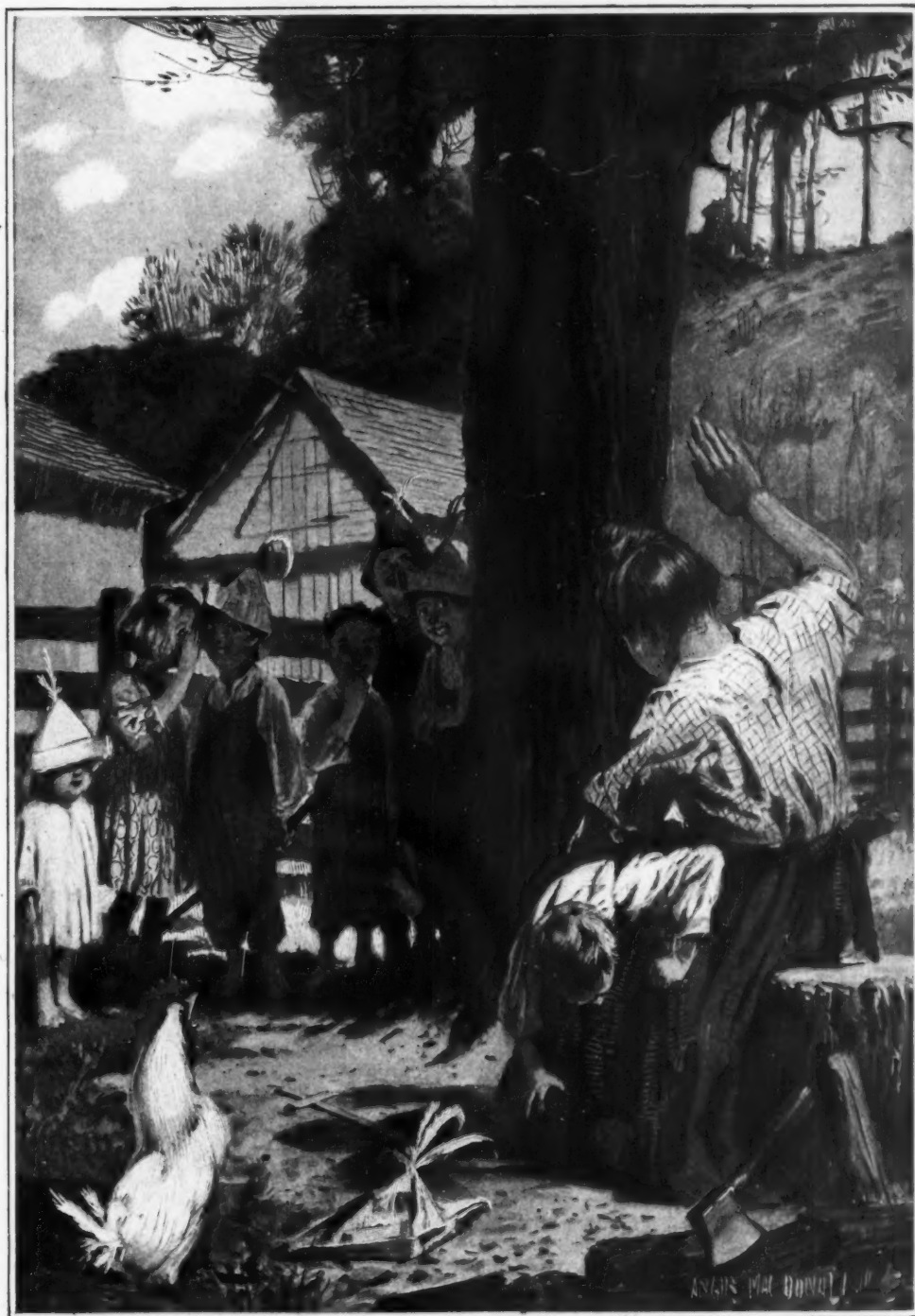
You speak of religion as though it were a kind of dope. "Men have always believed that religion was good for women; it is likely to keep them more contented with their lot." Tut, tut! Mr. Herrick, you might as well say that men have always believed the law of gravity was good for women and tended to keep them more contented. It does, undoubtedly, if they understand it and live and move and have their beings accordingly. Surely you are not one of those irreligious professors who are employed be-

cause of what they do not know, to get young students used, betimes, to error, so it won't hurt them if they meet it later! If you are for the progress of women away from religion, your cause hasn't a leg to stand on. That is not at all the way the world is going. There is disturbance of forms, disturbance of habits, disturbance in ideas of

(Continued on page 277.)



A MERMAIDAM



WATERLOO

### Bad Dreams of the *Argonauty*

THE faithful subscribers who pay our brother, the San Francisco *Argonauty*, for gnawing the file of the Wilson administration, get a faithful regular return for their money. The *Argonauty* gnaws a little every week, breaking bits out of its teeth now and then, but taking that in good part. Its great topic is Mr. Wilson's terrible misconduct with Mexico, but it is faithful also to the other scandals. As a journal of criticism it ought to be perfectly satisfied with a President who gives it so much to say.

No doubt it is satisfied, but it pretends to be anxious to get rid of Mr. Wilson, and in its issue of July 11th it sets forth solemnly that of course he won't serve but one term because of the plank in the Democratic platform of 1912 which reads:

We favor a single Presidential term, and to that end urge the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution making the President of the United States ineligible for re-election, and we pledge the candidate of this convention to this principle.

Because of this platform declaration the *Argonauty* finds that Mr. Wilson "stands committed against a second term for himself or anyone else".

So?

Well, for argument's sake, have it so; but, as we see it, a convention's say-so



AN ARABIAN NIGHT TALE



First Burglar: EVERYTHING'S LOCKED UP ON THIS SIDE, BILL  
"COME AROUND TO THE FRONT. THERE'S A CHAPTER IN THIS HERE BOOK ON 'HOW TO ENTER A DRAWING-ROOM'"

lasts only until another convention is called, and if Mr. Wilson is committed against a second term he is committed only during the period which the convention of 1912 covers; four years, that is, from the date of the platform. If the convention of 1916 should renominate him, that would demolish so much of the platform of the convention of 1912 as seems to anybody to weigh against renominations. So the dictum of the platform of 1912 simmers down to this: "We favor a single Presidential term, and . . . pledge the candidate of this convention not to run again unless renominated."

The suggestion of the platform to amend the Constitution and make Presidents ineligible for re-election seems not as yet to have interested

anyone qualified to get anything done about it. If the *Argonauty* approves that suggestion, now is the time to take hold.  
E. S. M.

### Things We Have Noticed

THAT the workmen were perfectly contented until the I. W. W. came around.

That the operation was entirely successful, but the patient lacked rallying power.

That the stenographer got in wrong. That the preacher resigned in order to devote himself to literature.

That it was a typographical error. That you can't depend upon watches nowadays.

And that the party would have won if our advice had been followed.

Amos R. Wells.





THE ORIGINAL JOLLIER

*Adam:* DEAREST, I CAN'T REALIZE THAT YOU ARE ONE YEAR OLD TO-DAY. YOU DON'T LOOK  
HALF THAT AGE "



### Canny

As Sandy holed out on the first green his friend from over the border asked: "And how many strokes did you take?"

"Eight," replied the Scot.

"Ah!" said the Englishman. "I took seven; so that's my hole."

The Scotchman ventured no reply; but when on the second green the Englishman repeated his former question, and made inquiry as to the number of strokes taken by his opponent, the latter nodded his head, and, with an expression of infinite wisdom on his face, gently murmured:

"Nay, nay, my mannie; this time it's my tur'n to ask first."—*Answers.*

### Feather-brained Wit

"She is the author of many articles decrying the use of birds and feathers as ornaments for hats."

"One of those nom-de-plume writers, I presume."

—*Woman's Home Companion.*



INTERPRETIVE DANCING

### Snug and Homelike

'Twas a summer hotel,  
Rooms all taken, forsooth.  
But I did pretty well  
In the telephone booth.  
It was stuffy, I know,  
But I overlooked that.  
It reminded me so  
Of my own little flat.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

### Her Party Speech

Lucille was a carefully brought up little girl of five, and she returned in high glee from her first party. "I was a good girl, mamma," she announced, "and I talked nice all the time."

"Did you remember to say something nice to Mrs. Applegate just before leaving?" asked her mother.

"Oh, yes, I did," responded Lucille. "I smiled at her and said: 'I enjoyed myself very much, Mrs. Applegate. I had lots more to eat than I 'spected to have.'"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

"We won't discharge you, Mr. Perkins," said the manager. "We shall allow you to tender your resignation."

"Tendering it won't make it any the less tough," gloomily returned the man who was laid off.—*Boston Transcript.*

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### "And It Is Still Going"

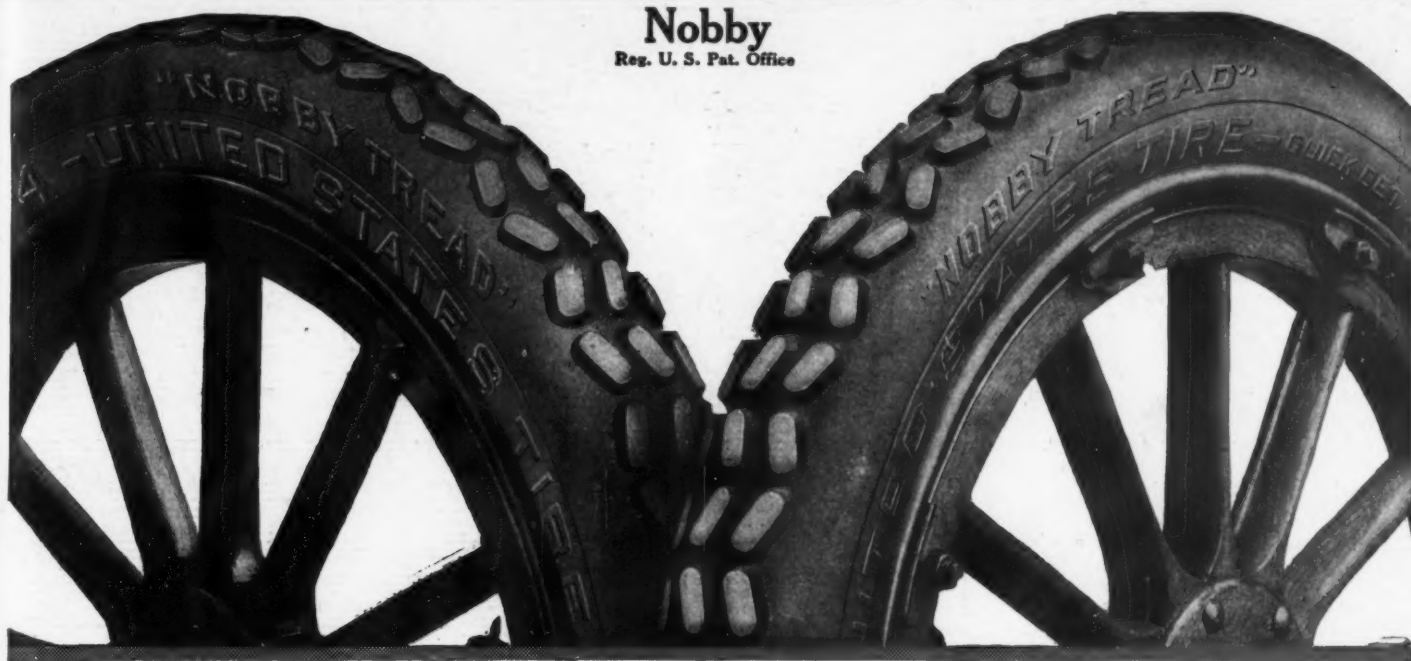
"In February I wrote you that the Englebert chevron tread I purchased last July had covered 8,117 miles and was still running. I now have to advise you that the tyre has gone 9,230 miles, and is still going."

So writes the owner of a Packard 30.



TYRES  
MADE IN BELGIUM  
**ENGLEBERT**  
ENGLEBERT TYRE CO., 1928 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

**Nobby**  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office



## “Stand Up” and “Deliver”

An automobile tire must “stand up” and “deliver” mileage enough to justify its first cost, or its first cost at any price is a joke.

“First cost” saving is an “ostrich way” of figuring tire economy—the only true way is to figure on the ultimate cost of your tire service.

Automobile owners learn this in time—the quicker they learn it, the quicker will they learn to buy

## Business Basis Tires

That a tremendous majority of automobile owners have learned how to buy automobile tires is proved by the fact that today “Nobby Tread” Tires are the largest selling anti-skid tires in the world.

“Nobby Tread” Tires do two things—they give more mileage and they prevent skidding.

And remember this—investigations prove that with “Nobby Tread” Tires punctures are 90 % less than with the average tire. Based upon their remarkable mileage records

## “Nobby Tread” Tires

are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments are on a basis of

# 5,000 Miles



Thousands upon thousands of veteran motorists now use “Nobby Tread” Tires on their front and rear wheels through all seasons, because they give real anti-skid protection and the lowest cost per mile.

**United States Tire Company**

NOTE THIS—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.



## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### The Antique—Up-to-Date

She gazed at the tall old clock on the stair,

'Twas a relic of days long fled;  
A costly timepiece, a treasure rare,  
But lately purchased and placed up there,  
"A quaint old gem!" she said.

"Did you stand in some old manor hall,  
Where the firelight flickered red  
On polished floor and on carven wall,  
Where fell the shadows of ladies tall  
And straightly stiff?" she said.

"Did you look, perchance, on a win-  
some maid—  
Alas, a century dead,  
Softly demure and sweetly staid,  
In a tortoise-shell comb and a gay bro-  
cade  
With a very short waist?" she said.

"Did you see her lover, a comely swain,  
A-bending his stately head  
To touch her lips and to touch again  
Till her fair cheek warmed with a crim-  
son stain?  
O, quaint old gem!" she said.

"Ah, the wondrous pictures seen by you  
In the days so long since fled!"  
But the tall old clock fetched a grin to  
view;  
"I wonder what she would say if she  
knew  
I was made last week?" it said.  
—*London Globe.*

Comfort Without Extravagance Hotel Woodstock, New York

### Hopeful

BACON: I gave my wife a rainbow  
kiss when I left home this morning.

EGBERT: What in the world is a rain-  
bow kiss?

BACON: One that follows a storm.  
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The Aristocrat of Cigarettes

# RAMESES

Largest Selling 20c  
Cigarette

*Also in "Week End" tins of 100 each*

*Stephens & Co.*

### A Dual Personality

The President was talking about a statesman who was annoying him with a proposition he could not consider.

"The trouble with him," he said, "is that he seems to be half gentleman and half mule."

He paused and looked out of his office window at a magnolia tree in bloom on the White House lawn.

"It is very difficult," Mr. Wilson continued, "to treat the mule half with the consideration demanded by the gentleman half."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

THINK of hearing central ask: "What can the insignificant one do to serve the exalted master?" Well, that's "What number, please?" over in Peking.

—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"Your husband, madam, is suffering from voluntary inertia."

"Poor fellow! And here I've been telling him he's just lazy."

—*Baltimore American.*

**SAFETY IN HORSESHOEING**  
If a nail splits on entering a hoof, or even crimps, there's danger of serious injury.

**"Capewell" HORSE NAILS**



neither split nor crimp. Not cheapest regardless of quality, but the best nail at a fair price. On the market for more than a quarter century.



ON HIS OWN HOOK

# CARSTAIRS RYE

1788 1914

ALMOST AS OLD AS THE NATION

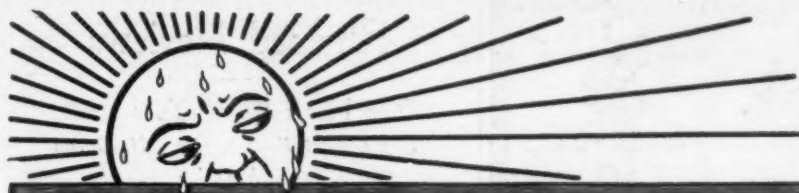
## To Robert Herrick, Esq.

(Continued from page 270.)

what is right, revolt against some things that have been mixed up with religion, but no important or successful revolt against religion. On the contrary, religion is unusually popular. The Bull-Moosers claim to have it, the I. W. W.'s insist that it is their specialty, the Prohibitionists sing hymns, the capitalists make joyful noises unto the Lord, and there is a lot of religion left even in the churches. There is not even an important revolt against duty. Neither women nor men like, in these times, to be imposed upon, and they are keen to displace impositions, but the pack that they recognize as belonging to them, the mass of them are as ready as ever to shoulder and go on with.

I GUESS women have done their share of the world's work in the ages past, and will always have to do it in the long run, because otherwise life cannot be supported. Their job has shifted a good deal in the last two generations, and left too many of them out of employment, and they are gradually adjusting themselves to the shift. The adjustment is natural, at least it is necessary, and will have to go on whether it disturbs the feelings and standards of old-fashioned people or not. All that contemporary parents of girls can do is to try to qualify their daughters betimes to hold their own in whatever kind of a world is making, so that if they don't marry they can make life interesting on their own hook, and if they do marry and have to support families they can do it to advantage.

I SEE lots of girls and women working out and working very well, but not many married women, especially mothers with young children. If it is



## Let Us Help You Lick the Hot Weather

All the Fun of Ocean Bathing Right in Your Own Bathtub

**10 Days' Free Trial—No Money in Advance**

Will you give us a chance to prove—by ten days' free trial—how a few minutes' fun two or three times a day in front of a Kenney Needle Shower will help you lick the hot weather?

Will you make the test and see for yourself how having this new kind of shower on your bathtub is almost as good as spending the whole summer at the seashore—

How its daily enjoyment will keep the baking, stifling, sticky days and nights from being a long siege of discomfort?

You can make this ten-day test without sending us a solitary cent in advance.

Then if you are willing to part with the shower after a trial—if you are willing to go back to tub baths—you won't have to pay us a single penny. And it will cost you only \$6 if you keep it.

### Gives You All-Day Hustle

Any physician will tell you that everyone ought to take a shower—either hot or cold—every morning in the year—and especially during the enervating heat of summer.

The Kenney Needle Shower, with its four needle-sprayed streams, acts like a tonic—beats a tub bath forty ways—makes either hot or cold water twice as refreshing—quickens your circulation, energizes your whole system, sends you down to business chock full of all-day hustle.

Then a refreshing, cool-you-off shower after a hot and hard day's work—or after shopping or golf, tennis or motoring, will immediately rest you all over—make you feel like new.

**Do Hot Nights Keep You Awake?**  
Hot nights will never again keep you awake after you have a Ken-

ney Shower on your bathtub. A bed-time shower will cool your system, quiet your nerves and soothe you to sound sleep in spite of the heat and humidity.

### A Revolutionary Improvement

The Kenney Shower does away with every one of the faults of the old-fashioned overhead showers.

No clammy curtain to spoil your enjoyment—the elimination of the curtain and of all complicated parts is why the price is so low. Guaranteed not to splash out of tub—no muss on walls or floor—10 days' free trial gives you plenty of time to prove it.

### Don't Have to Wet Your Hair

All four of the stimulating, needle-sprayed streams are sent direct against the body from the neck down—don't have to wet your hair—women can now enjoy a shower without bothering with a rubber cap.

### Fits Any Bathtub

Anyone can attach it—no tools needed.



**Kenney Needle Shower**  
Only \$6 if you keep it—Nothing if you don't

Needs no curtain—Guaranteed not to splash out of tub

Absolutely all metal. A strong, nickel-finish, handsome fixture. Always ready—never in the way—doesn't interfere with regular use of tub.

### A Week's Use Worth the Price

People who have tried the Kenney Shower—including men and women who could afford to pay ten or twenty times \$6 if a bigger price would buy a better shower—say a week's use, especially in hot weather, is alone worth all a Kenney Shower costs.

No red tape about trying the shower—send no money—simply order on your letterhead or enclose business card or reference. Better make the free trial now—see how much better you'll feel when you start the day with a shower.

**A. L. REDDAN SPECIALTY CO.**  
25 West Broadway New York

### SALES AGENTS WANTED

Exclusive territory to men who can qualify. Must be hustlers, with enough capital to carry stock required to meet demand. Selling experience desirable but not absolutely necessary. Write for proposition and proof.

old foggy to think it preferable that married women with young children should not be obliged to go out to work, there are some old fogies left. Your late fellow-citizen, Floyd Dell, writes in *The Masses* about the Emancipation of Man which is coming, along of Feminism, because women are all to be self-supporters, and mothers are to be pensioned, and men, having no one dependent on them, will all be "free" and able to quit their jobs at a moment's notice whenever "capitalism" needs a lesson.

Well, maybe; but I wonder, Mr. Herrick, if you are as advanced as Mr. Floyd Dell? These noises that Mr. Dell makes—how do they strike you? After you have agreed with twofifths of them, maybe, or three, what


about the other fifths? Do they strike you as noises made by real brains, or by bats in Mr. Dell's illustrious belfry?

Good luck, Mr. Herrick!

Edward S. Martin.



Pup: HE COULDN'T EVER BITE ME WITH THAT ONE TOOTH



**Excessive Perspiration**

of the armpits, feet, etc., is unnatural. It can be corrected and the parts left daintily clean, odorless and dry by an occasional application of Odo-ro-no. Dress shields become unnecessary. Unscented and harmless. 25c and 50c at all drug and department stores, or direct from us prepaid. Write for sample bottle and booklet. Send 6c and your dealer's name to THE ODO-RONO CO., 754 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

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THE TOILET WATER FOR EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION

**ROUND THE WORLD** WE SET THE STANDARD with our De Luxe tours; small groups. Tours East and West including "Garden of Allah", Nile, Palestine, Siam, Philippines, North China, especially. Reasonable rates.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, NEW YORK





The man who thinks most about automobile tires doesn't think about them at all after he's put Kelly-Springfield Tires and Tubes on his car. We've done the thinking.



**Kelly-Springfield  
Tire Company**

**Cor. Broadway and  
57th Street, N. Y.**

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Seattle, Atlanta, Akron, O.

The Hearn Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, O.  
Bering Tire & Rubber Co., Houston, Texas  
Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo

The Olmsted Co., Inc., Syracuse, N. Y.  
South'n Hdwe. & Woodstock Co., Ltd., New Orleans, La.

L. J. Barth, Rochester, N. Y.  
Seifert & Baine, Newark, N. J.  
Atkinson Tire & Supply Co., Jacksonville, Fla.  
Central Rubber & Supply Co., Indianapolis, Ind.  
C. D. Franke & Co., Charleston, S. C.  
K. & S. Auto Tire Co., Limited, Toronto, Can.  
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.  
Barnard & Michael, Buffalo, N. Y.



"TAKE ME WITH YOU IF YOU WANT TO  
BE POPULAR"

## Rhymed Reviews

### You Never Know Your Luck

(By Gilbert Parker. Geo. H. Doran Co.)

AN Irish knight of pure romance  
Was Mr. James Shiel Gathorme Crozier,  
But when allured by games of chance  
He proved as weak as wands of osier.

His wife, proud Mona, made him vow  
No more to play the wicked races;  
He backed a loser anyhow.  
(You may have heard of other cases.)

Completely broke, and hearing, too,  
That Mona's mood was unforgiving,  
He sailed for regions fresh and new  
To try to earn an honest living.

And though his wife had sent a note,  
He knew what bitter words she'd write him,  
And kept it sealed within his coat  
Unread—as if the thing would bite him.

In Canada he ranched a bit  
Near Askatoon, that growing city,  
And made a most decided hit  
With Widow Tynan's daughter, Kitty.

A bullet nearly took his life;  
And when his Past was resurrected,  
Miss Kitty wrote to Crozier's wife,  
Who came, as might have been expected.

But Crozier, full of pride and such,  
Refused to let his bride befriend him;  
The cash he needed very much  
He wouldn't have his Mona lend him.

Then Mona, taking Kit's advice,  
Purloined and steamed that unread letter,  
Which really wasn't very nice,  
And scribbled one that sounded better,

And sealed it up again, as told,  
With twenty thousand pounds, the sinner,  
Which she had won with Crozier's gold  
By betting on the Derby winner!

And Crozier read that note of guile  
And, begging pardon, owned he'd fozzled.  
And they'll be very happy while  
She keeps him thoroughly bamboozled.

Arthur Guiterman.

The moment you start to run a new car Friction begins its sly work of depreciation.

## DIXON'S Graphite Lubricants

tie Friction's hands and draw its teeth.

Equally good for motor boats and motor cars.

Write for the Dixon Lubricating Chart.

**THE JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.**

JERSEY CITY, N. J.



Established in 1827



## A Confidential Word

WE do not wish to alarm you unduly, but do you know that you are being criticized? It may be that you do not care, either because you are so abandoned and so bent upon an evil course as to be lost to all sense of shame, or because you are so immaculately virtuous as to leave not a single vulnerable point of attack for the slanderous tongue. The fact remains that uncomplimentary things are being said about you; things that do not at all agree with your estimate of yourself. Not one of your friends but objects to something about you.

Maybe you *do* care. If so, we are sorry for you, because you cannot stop it. It would be a good thing for you to mend your ways, but don't expect to stop the talk in that way. Figure your life out the very best way you can and then expect your neighbors and friends to disapprove in all possible combinations and permutations.

## Panama-Pacific Exposition

SAN FRANCISCO 1915

To Lease—Several high-class completely furnished residences with view of Exposition. Apply

BALDWIN & HOWELL, 318 KEARNY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

## Wedding

Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, \$2.50. Write for Samples. 100 Visiting Cards, 50c.

L. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 997 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.





BASEBALL TERM  
A DOUBLE STEAL

### The Great Unfinished

(Two Feminist Intellectuals Meet.  
Actat 30.)

"MY dear, I've been trying to get around to see you—"

"And I you. What have you been doing?"

"Everything. How is your French?"

"Very good. I've given it up temporarily for a course in Bergson."

"Isn't he charming? You've read his 'Creative Evolution'?"

## Ingram's

HERE is the perfect dentifrice—which polishes the enamel as well as tones the gums. Use it daily for beauty and health. Ingram's

### ZODENTA For the Teeth

Cleanses and purifies the mouth and keeps the breath fragrant. It whitens the teeth and prevents tartar. Agreeable to use. Paste or powder, 25 cents. At druggists' or direct from us. Send 2c stamp for sample of four finest Ingram products.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

Established 1885

38 Tenth St. Detroit, Mich.  
Windsor, Ont.



## Be on the Safe Side

Decay in any food will cause stomach and liver ailments and a tired, heavy-headed feeling.

Beer is food, a saccharine product. Light disturbs its chemical properties causing decay.

Beer in light bottles is—???

Schlitz is made pure and brewed in the dark—the Brown Bottle keeps it pure until it is poured into your glass, sparkling and clear as crystal.

Get

in Brown Bottles

**Schlitz**

See that Crown is branded "Schlitz"

Order a Case  
Today

**The Beer  
That Made Milwaukee Famous.**

76MA

"Oh, of course. Isn't the first half wonderful? That's as far as I got."

"I think I read beyond that. So delightfully illuminating. By the way, I'm making a centerpiece for the president of our debating society."

"When do you expect to finish it?"

"Oh, some time. I worked on it a whole hour yesterday."

"Isn't the opera splendid this year?"

"Quite remarkable. I saw only one

of the Ring—but I understand the others were equally good."

"When do you go to Europe?"

"Oh, that reminds me, I must see about my tickets."

"And I—"

Etc., etc., etc.

JOHN: Is she proper?

JACK: You bet; she is so proper she won't accompany you on a piano unless she has a chaperon.—*Boston Globe*.

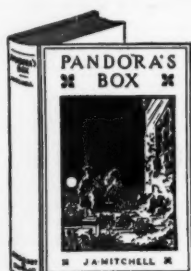
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(Vintage 1906)  
Extra Dry

**SEC**  
(Brown Label)  
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**CARTE BLANCHE**  
Sweet

CHAMPAGNE  
**LOUIS ROEDERER**  
REIMS  
FRANCE

*Agents:*  
W. G. & E. G. MURPHY CO., Inc.  
501 Fifth Avenue, New York  
(S. E. Cor. 42nd Street)



**John Ames Mitchell**

The Editor of "Life"

wrote a novel, calling it

**PANDORA'S BOX**

He tells us that "Pandora's Box" was written "for the pleasure of writing it. . . . To tell the story of two honest lovers was a perpetual delight."

An intimate acquaintance with the two lovers in question convinces us that the reading of "Pandora's Box" will be as pleasure-giving as its writing.

The book is fifty cents a copy, and may be obtained wherever books are sold. Where no dealer is available the publishers will supply it direct if parcel post charges are remitted with order. Mailing weight 1 1/2 lbs.

**GROSSET & DUNLAP**  
526 West 26th Street New York City



ARE YOU STRONG-MINDED?  
THEN LOOK AT THIS PICTURE FOR ONE MINUTE WITHOUT YAWNING

**Purely Commercial**

Everything now is a question of dollars and cents.  
—An Esteemed Contemporary.

THEREFORE, when receiving an invitation to go to a dinner from which you would rather stay away, write:

MY DEAR MRS. —:

I recognize the obligation imposed upon me by your invitation. Enclosed is my check for one hundred dollars, this being the value of my time for an evening passed with you. You may return the money when you receive my next invitation to dine with me.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

\* \* \* \* \*

(To An Author.)

ESTEEMED SIR:

I have received your entrancing book, and realizing your value as an acquaintance, not to speak of the advertisement of being known by you, and also in having no time to read this volume, I enclose a check for eight dollars and fifty cents, which is about the value of the service as an advertising medium that you might expect me to be after I had read it.

Respectfully yours,

\* \* \* \* \*

(To Your Prospective Wife.)

MY DARLING:

I am sending a gentleman to represent and act for me at the wedding, and with him my check for five hundred dollars, which will compensate you and your family for the mortification of a proxy. It is worth this sum to me to be relieved of the superfluous and embarrassing social details of the vulgar affair.

Hoping to join you at the Grand Central Station just fifteen minutes before the beginning of our honeymoon, believe me, as ever,

Devotedly yours,

\* \* \* \* \*

(To Your Next-Door Neighbor.)

DEAR SIR:

I send you herewith check for fifty dollars, which is the difference between what you would have paid and what you did pay if your wife had not seen the new hat and gown which my wife took such pains to rub in on her in a recent interview. With sincere regard and respect,

Very truly yours,



The Perfume of Old-Fashioned Gardens and Tender Memories

**L**ILAS DE RIGAUD is a fragrance to be known and remembered—a lovable, luring thing, haunting you with its suggestion of unforgettable memories.

This exquisite toilet powder carries just enough of the Lilas perfume to be irresistibly sweet, dewy-fresh, wholly desirable.

50 cents at all high-class Toilet Goods Departments. Also Lilas de Rigaud Extract, Toilet Water, Face Powder, Sachet Powder, Bath Salt.

Send 15 cents to Riker-Hegeman, 352 West Fourth Street, New York, for sample of Lilas de Rigaud Extract.

**RIGAUD**  
16 Rue de la Paix, Paris



"WRITE ME AS ONE WHO LOVES HIS FELLOW MEN"



**EVETTE—HOUBIGANT**

The newest creation of Houbigant, master of perfumes—seductive but *spirituelle*—richly alluring but innocent of sensual appeal—pronounced, original, distinctive.

Your perfumer has it or will get it

Send for Small Sample Bottle, 20c

PARK & TILFORD, Sole Agents, NEW YORK

**WANTED—AN IDEA!** Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 128, Washington, D. C.

## Regulate the Political Doctors

"Paternalism is the watchword! Regulate everything and everybody!"

"Very well! While we are about it, let's regulate the doctors. The medical profession has never been noticeably coy or diffident about trying to control everybody in sight, always basing its pleas on the pharisaical argument—'*pro bono publico*'. If the common people are to be examined, diagnosed, quarantined, isolated, drugged, dosed, treated, vaccinated, serum-ized, and cut up, by men who claim to be competent, it might not be considered unreasonable for the regulatee to ask the regulator to show his credentials.

"As a starter, how would it do to pass a law compelling registered physicians to be re-examined every five years? What a row that would make! How the medical journals would froth!

"Nevertheless, there are reasons enough for the bill. Medical theories and practice are changing, not every five years, but every five days. Cures for cancer, treatment for tuberculosis, new serums and vaccines are announced by the profession to-day, only to be recalled or denounced to-morrow. If the doctors insist on their right to control us, are we too audacious when we ask them to furnish evidence that they are familiar with the up-to-date medical hallucinations, and that they know enough to regulate us according to the latest guess?

"If that isn't enough, let's try a law requiring physicians to write their prescriptions in plain English, instead of the customary hog-Latin. That might reduce the death rate considerably, besides making it easier for the drug clerk to distinguish between an order for epsom salts and a call for paris green. It would also give the patient a pretty fair idea as to just how thoroughly he was being done!"

—Medical Freedom.

## Vulgarity

**V**ULGARITY comes easy to some.

It can only be achieved by others through painful effort. Some people are embarrassed by their own vulgarity, without knowing the reason. This is because they have acquired such familiarity with it that they do not perceive how it works. Others pursue it consciously, recognizing that—especially in America—they could scarcely be successful without it. Success without vulgarity is necessarily limited. It can be appreciated only by the minority.

The majority, experienced in vulgarity, demands it from those it raises. Therefore, to be properly and persistently vulgar is necessary to satisfy the broadest ambition.



## Complexions

are often ruined by the use of common and impure toilet soaps, which make the skin coarse and destroy its natural colour, whereas they are maintained in their full beauty, and

## Saved by

the use of PEARS. The reason is not far to seek. PEARS is the true emollient, of complete purity, and of the highest quality in every component. Every touch of it is beneficial to the skin.

**Pears' Soap**

*The Great English Complexion Soap*





**BALDWIN  
FINBACK  
DRINKING CUP**

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### Books Received

*Ancient Rome and Modern America*, by Guglielmo Ferrero. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.)

*Psychopathology of Everyday Life*, by Prof. Sigmund Freud, LL.D. (Macmillan Co. \$3.50.)

*Adventurings in the Physical*, by H. Addington Bruce. (Little, Brown & Co. \$1.35.)

*Midstream*, by Will Levington Comfort. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.25.)

*I Should Say So*, by J. M. Flagg. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.00.)

*Roughing It De Luxe*, by Irvin S. Cobb. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.00.)

*Maria*, by Baroness Von Hutten. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.35.)

*Felicidad*, by Rowland Thomas. (Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.)

*Ten Minute Stories*, by Algernon Blackwood. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35.)

*Saxe's Manual of Elections*, by John Godfrey Saxe, M.A., LL.B. (J. B. Lyon Co., Albany, N. Y.)

*The Charm of the Antique*, by Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton. (Hearst's International Library Co. \$2.50.)

*Juvenile Courts and Probation*, by Bernard Flexner and Roger N. Baldwin. (The Century Co. \$1.25.)

*The Ideal Motor Tour in France*, by Walter Hale. (Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.)

*Nantucket: A History*, by R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, M.D., LL.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

*On Life and Letters*, by Anatole France. (John Lane Co. \$1.75.)

*The Man You Love* (a play in four acts), by Robert A. Kasper. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

*The Last Incarnation*, by A. Constant. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

*The Old Game*, by Samuel G. Blythe. (Geo. H. Doran Co. 50 cents.)

*That Affair at Portstead Manor*, by Gladys Edson Locke. (Sherman French & Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

*Children in Bondage*, by Edwin Markham, Judge Ben B. Lindsay, George Creel. (Hearst International Library Co. \$1.50.)

*The Lights Are Bright*, by Louise Kennedy Mabie. (Harper & Bros. \$1.25.)

*The Art of Being Alive*, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Harper & Bros. \$1.00.)

*The Victim*, by Thomas Dixon. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.35.)



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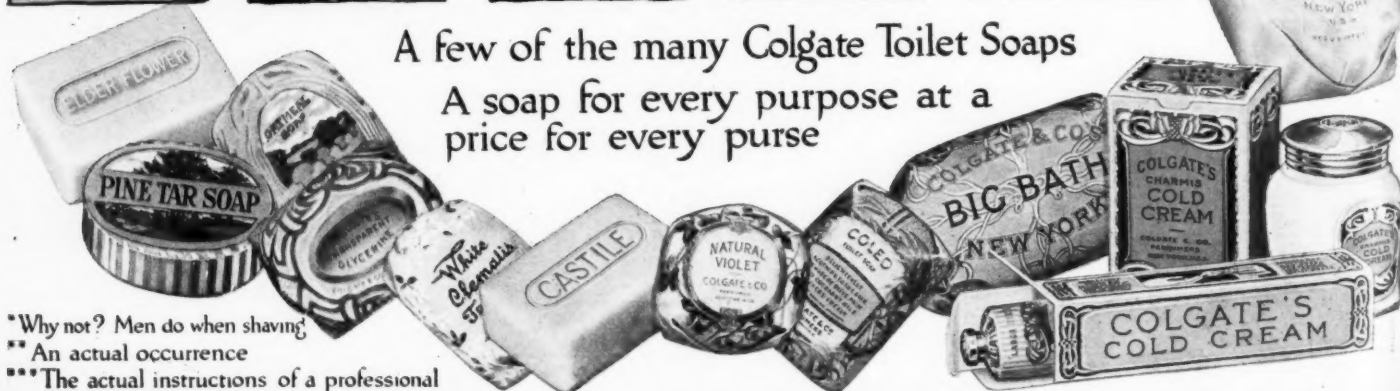
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# A Colgate Motor Movie

 What Mrs. Green knew	 Mr. Brown has a prosperous year and buys a car			 In which he and Mrs. Brown ride far and often—with great delight	
	 But—the wind and dust hurt Mrs. Brown's complexion in spite of many ordinary face lotions		 ASHES	 She asks her neighbor Mrs. Green to come and advise her	
	 Mrs. Green says—"Use soap and warm water, rubbing in the lather*" and Cold Cream after it"		 Mrs. Brown is surprised, use Soap on my face?" "Why certainly if it's Colgate's"		 When in France† at one of the finest shops I was told the best soap is Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet
	 Colgate's is the best You know they took the Paris 1900 Grand Prix			 Mrs. Brown uses Cashmere Bouquet Soap with great satisfaction	
		 And follows it with Colgate's Cold Cream—used as her masseuse*** advises her	 Massage the forehead from the center toward the temples	 Around nose and mouth massage backward toward the cheeks	 From the point of the chin massage downwards toward the neck
 She now rides all she wants to in perfect comfort		 This is what gave Mrs. Brown's complexion its Cleanliness, Comfort and Charm		 APPROVED by the Board of Common Sense as the best way to give your complexion a fair show	

A few of the many Colgate Toilet Soaps  
A soap for every purpose at a price for every purse



\*Why not? Men do when shaving

\*\*An actual occurrence

\*\*\*The actual instructions of a professional